PLUNKETT
The Minerali

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FRENCH'S STANDARD DRAMA.
No. CLII.

THE MINERALI:

OR,

THE DYING GIFT.

A

ROMANTIC DRAMA,

IN TWO ACTS.

BY

HENRY GRATTAN PLUNKETT,

Author of "The Corsair's Revenge," "Crime and Repentance, or the Drunkard's Warning," "Diana's Revenge," "Joe Miller," "Faust," &c.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A Description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the Stage Business.

AS PERFORMED AT THE LONDON AND AMERICAN THEATRES.

NEW-YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH,
122 NASSAU-ST.—UP STAIRS.

Cast of Characters.—(The Minerali.)

	Victoria, London.	*Bowery, N. Y.*, 1849.	*National, N. Y.*	*Nat'l., Boston*, 1849.
Martelli, (one of the Minerali, in love with Leila.)	Mr. Denvil,	Mr. N. B Clarke,	Mr. J. H. Allen,	Mr. S. Johnston,
Francisco, (a younger Minerali, beloved by Leila,)	Green,	J. H. Hall,	C. Warwick,	Booth, Jr.,
Marco, } Minerali,	Williams,	T. Duff,	C. McMillen,	Munro,
Antonio, } Minerali,	J. Parry,	C. Warwick,	D. Oakley,	J. Munro,
Bartolo. (a rich farmer, father to Leila.)	Griffith,	C. Smith,	W. C. Hurry,	Byrne,
Ricardo, (a young farmer, affianced to Leila,)	Hicks,	Warden,	G. M'Williams,	Keach,
Nicolo, (uncle to Ricardo,)	Chippendale,	Rose.	Herbert,	Baker,
Pietro, (servant to Bartolo,)	Mitchell,	J. Winans,	G. L. Fox,	Vincent,
Servant,	Thomas.	Favour.	W. Mitchell.	Taylor.
Leila, (daughter of Bartolo, in love with Francisco.)	Mrs. Selby,	Miss C. Wemyss,	Mrs. S. B. Wilkins,	Mrs. Tyrrell,
Annette, (her attendant,)	Miss Forster.	Mrs. Sutherland.	Miss F. Herring.	Frary.

Guests, Peasants, &c.

A lapse of one year is supposed to take place between the Acts.

First produced at the Royal Victoria Theatre. *Time Representing*—One hour and three quarters.

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LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
SANTA BARBARA

Costumes.—(The Minerali.)

MARTELLI.—Broad red striped shirt, broad black and red braces, skin cloak, black trunks, flesh arms and legs, buff lace boots, belt and pouch.

FRANCISCO.—The same description of dress, but lighter and better, with buff strap shoes.

MARCO AND ANTONIO.—As above, but different colors, and much worn.

NICOLO.—Old man's handsome gray and black shape, buff shoes, red rosettes, red stockings.

BARTOLO.—Old man's brown shape, blue rosettes, blue stockings.

RICARDO.—Handsome light blue shape, white silk stockings, white shoes.

PIETRO.—White and red comic shape, striped stockings, buff shoes, rosettes.

LEILA.—Black boddice, blue shaped petticoat, blue stockings, black shoes, buckles. *Second*, White bridal dress. *Third*, The same as the first.

ANNETTE.—Handsome peasant's dress of the same description.

The Minerali (who are the principal persons in this drama) are a set of men who gain a precarious existence by searching for gold in the mountains, and are looked upon in no very favorable light by their more prudent neighbors, the farmers of the surrounding valley.

THE MINERALI.

ACT. I.

SCENE I.—*The Valley of Anzasca. Cottage covered with Foliage, backed by distant view of a Village. Time Sunrise.*

Enter FRANCISCO.

Fran. "When the first beam of the warm sun gilds the mountain's top, I will be with thee." So said the precious note; and never have the hours seemed so long, as since I read its welcome promise—my quick impatience has outran the sun. I see no sign of my loved Leila, so must I wait.

[LEILA, *who has come from her cottage unperceived, places her hand upon his shoulder.*

Lei. And wherefore must you wait? Nay, answer not! She who could forget the rigid coyness of her sex, and ask thy presence—she who had watched through night's dead silent hours, noting the noiseless fall of the light forest leaf, and starting as it touched the ground, with bounding heart, deeming it were thy wished for footsteps—she would gain but little when the hour came—did she for form's sake let him tarry, whom herself had sought!

Fran. Sought! dearest Leila? could'st thou but guess the joy with which my eager feet hath flown along the path that leads to thee——

Lei. So thou hast ever said.

Fran. And dost thou doubt me?

Lei. Am I not *here*? what need of further answer

Fran. None—none, my own fair girl; but thy letter———

Lei. Speaks of necessity to see thee! Since the first happy hour in which we met, I have much wished to speak to thee on what concerns us both; no—no, I mean not that, but what affects *me* closely.

Fran. And has my heart been so misjudged by thine, that thou dost doubt it worthy confidence.

Lei. Again, I say, I'm here! Thou hast ever said, thou will be present at my bridal day.

Fran. Aye! and on it call thee mine

Lei. Hold!

Fran. I swear———

Lei. I have believed thy oath too often.

Fran. What mean you!

Lei. You won from me a promise, perhaps a willing one, that shoul occasion—cause thy absence (as it hath often strangely done.)—a singl

line written by my hand, and left in the thin cleft of yonder rock, would safely reach, and bring thee to me.

Fran. And have I failed?

Lei. Now, thou hast not; but one that loved would scarce neglect a first request, or let a week elapse.

Fran. Leila, but yester night, I found thy note.

Lei. Indeed!

Fran. As I do live!

Lei. [*Quickly.*] I do believe you. But 'tis strange—Eight days have passed, since in that place a written wish I left to meet you here; you came not—and my heart grew sick, as day by day I watched; 'till weary thus of living upon hope, which still did grow the fainter—love overswayed all that was due to pride, I—I wrote again.

Fran. Dearest Leila! morn and eve, I toiled to reach the place. The miser who has buried heart and gold in one lone spot, and lives but while he sees his treasure safe, did never seek with scrutinizing eye, keen made by hope and fear, the darling covert of his earth hid idol, as I have watched for print of thy small tiny foot, where my heart longed to find it.

Lei. Again I say, I do believe thee—but that letter?

Fran. Nay, fear not, I will seek for it. But thy urgent wish to see me now.

Lei. They have fixed a day for my betrothal!

Fran. And that day?

Lei. To-morrow!

Fran. What ill chance kept thy letter from me, this indeed is sudden.

Lei. Alas! it is.

Fran. And they would have thee marry one, whom well they know thou lov'st not?

Lei. Even so; though he hath been my playmate from my childhood I love him not. I loved him not, when *others* were not by, and *now* I only hope I hate him not.

Fran. Still should'st thou be betrothed to-morrow, twelve months (so custom wills it,) must have passed, ere thou canst wed; there's hope in that.

Lei. [*Firmly.*] None! do not deceive thyself, or misjudge me: once bethrothed, I bring no shame on those who gave me life, and if I find not peace in the calm grave, ere those twelve months of misery are past, the world shall see me at the altar's foot, and greet me as *his bride* as one whose heart would break, ere she would break her faith!

[*Crosses to* L. H.

Fran. To-morrow, Leila, before the assembled crowds, I claim thy hand, and I rejoice to find thou hast so firm a soul! But Leila, do not let me think I have entrapped thy heart. Once more, listen to what I have ever freely owned,—nor high, nor wealthy am I, but one on whom the world hath frowned—I have no love to offer thee, save my own, but thou wilt be my heart's fair idol. I have no friend to bless thee, save one, and blood unites us not; but he hath a rough kind heart, and though not sick of life, would part with it for one I prize. I seek not wealth with thee, while I have health and strength, we ne'er

shall want; and they are poor philosophers, who not content with present joy, must dive into the future to search for visionary clouds to shade their bliss—wilt take me as I am! Say, shall I come to-morrow?

Lei. Come!

Fran. As sure as dawn.

Lei. And thy name?

Fran. [*Embracing her.*] To-morrow, thou shalt know all.

Lei. 'Till then, farewell! and then——

Fran. We part no more! [*Music.*

Lei. Remember! [*Exit into cottage.*

Fran. Fear not! [*Exit*, 2 E. L. H.

SCENE II.—*A lofty ridge of Mountains.*

MARTELLI *discovered seated on a piece of rock, reading earnestly, rises and comes forward.*

Mar. Fair lines! and fairly written—I have conned them o'er so oft, that now they're firmly graved upon my heart: curses on the angry wind, and the steeped mountain's rugged sides, but for the fallen pines that crossed my path, I had been true to the very minute at the spot directed here, then had I solved all doubt and known my fate, for years I have hovered round each verdant spot she blesses with her presence.—Oft have we met, and once, but for this arm, the rolling flood had snatched her to its cold cheerless bed! And can it be, she loves me! no, no: and yet this letter, undirected, left in a spot, where I have ever kept my vigils, a spot, where not a foot, save of the minerali—Ha! that word blights every hope, did she love me, beyond my wildest wishes, *would* she—dare she wed an outcast gold seeker? share the exulting scorn and cold reproaches of the herd around him? there's madness in the thought. [*Takes some pieces of ore from his girdle, and throws them violently down.*] Thou sallow dross, I'll drudge for thee no more.

Enter FRANCISCO, L. H. *As he throws it down,* MARTELLI *conceals the letter in his bosom and seats himself.*

Fran. How now, Martelli, once more in thy moody fit, cheer up man, look at the bright sun, and cheer thee—breathe the sweet freshness of the morning air, and bless the day——

[*Throws off his cloak, and takes a pick-axe.*

Mar. What would you?

Fran. Try and force some of the gold thou railest at, out of this flinty rock, where now it lies as in yon grasping miser's chest, useless to others and himself.

Mar. Francisco, I have marked thee—closely marked thee boy of late—thy wild and daring spirit hath ta'en the start, even of itself. thy jocund laugh is ever heard. But strange it is that thou should'st shun the sports, once over closely courted, and ever with incessant toil goad the mountains' steep seeking for gold.

Fran. I have a reason, good Martelli.

Mar. And one thou fain would'st hide from me?

Fran. In good faith, no! is is—I almost blush, yet know not wherefore, while I own it—Psha! I'm in love, and would be rich.

Mar. Thou lovest!

Fran. By St. Francis do I—now the murder's out.

Mar. And whom?

Fran. Thou soon shalt know her as my bride; till then I leave thy fancy on the stretch.

Mar. Poor youth!

Fran. I look'd for gratulation, not condolence.

Mar. Francisco, knowest thou what thou art?

Fran. Like thyself, I am a minerali!

Mar. Thou art, and there's the curse.—Who, who is it thou dost love, I do not wish to know by name—Is it one beneath thee?

Fran Beneath! Martelli thou dost remember when my first helpless years of infancy were passed, and I could watch thee scale mountains' sides, to dig for what seemed then of far less value than my infant toys; thou didst explain unto my childish mind, the worth of this same ore—I watched thee day by day, though young, my limbs were vigorous beyond my years, there was a tall and dizzy steep through which thou didst conjecture such rich gold ran as would repay the toil, could but the way be mastered, and the summit reached.—Hanging midway between its base and crown, with every sinew straining its full strength upon the morn, you saw me clambering that fearful height, the bright sun flashed in my aching eyes, still I kept my course, the winds shook me with their breath, onward I went—in brief, the first return I ever made for all thy care and nurture, was the gold I won from that bold steep.

Mar. It was a fearful task, and bravely done—but what is this unto our present purpose?

Fran. As *upward* then I looked, so do I now—as danger then I scorned, so do I now.

Mar. Boy, boy it grieves my soul to damp thy hopes—but listen to me, when first I started into life, flattered with the hope of wealth, lured by the freedom of the scene, thinking to breathe the mountain air, and share the wild birds' liberty, scorning the shackles of the herding crew who surfeit the close town, and drag through life in one unchanging round of sameness, willingly I followed the free trade of those with whom my youth was spent. Brief time had passed ere I could see that in the fancied greatness of some plodding fool I was despised—I cared not then, my heart was young and bold, scorn I repaid with scorn, insult received unsparing chastisement from my daring hand—onward I went in the free course my youth had chosen. But years did bring me wisdom; I will not blind the truth; I was, and am despised.

Fran. And wherefore?

Mar. Ay, and wherefore? I know not, save because I was an honest man—had I, like some of them, piled up my heaps with the cold-blooded grasp of the keen usurer, wrung the very means of life, and so the life itself from the oppressed and starving wretches power placed within my toils; had a heart's drop flowed for each accursed coin the beggared gamester added to my heap, not even the life, in desperation wrested from himself, with his own maddened hand, would have cried

shame upon me, though I had been the black and damned cause of the unholy deed. [*Crosses to* L. H.] No—so I could thrive, men's servile knees would have bent low to my increasing heaps—I should have been lauded, worshipped. But for that with the limbs that nature gave me, with honest strength I grappled with the rugged cliffs and forced the gold from its deep grave into the living light—I am an outcast and a vagabond—I am—I am, and so art thou.

Fran. An outcast!

Mar. Even so, years of scorn have taught me, that in such light alone, our race is looked upon—now mark me, if thou would'st not court the veriest contumely, give up the thoughts of wedding one by fortune placed above thee.

Fran. Never, by our holy mother. To-morrow will I claim her hand.

Mar. Her friends are rich?

Fran. They are.

Mar. Then be advised, nor take thy dagger with thee.

Fran. And wherefore not?

Mar. I know the sudden outbreaks of thy fiery temper, and would not have thee quit the roof a murderer.

Fran. [*Throws down his dagger.*] I thank thee for thy counsel—there—farewell.

Mar. Your hand [*Takes* FRANCISCO's *hand*] Heaven speed you, boy—farewell. [*Exit* FRANCISCO, R. 3 E. H.—*Music.*] Whither am I going? Oh! I have schooled Francisco well; have warned *him*, while I find my own steps bend towards Leila's house—come what may, once more I'll see her. [*Exit* 1 E. L. H.

SCENE III.—*A Saloon decorated with Garlands, &c.*

Enter PIETRO, *and* ANNETTE, 2 E. R. H.

Pie. Why didn't you say so before?

Ann. That's what you always say.

Pie. And with reason, I think; arn't you always behind hand with what's most important! Though you're always talking, do you ever speak in time—isn't it? "I wish I had done so and so yesterday, or yesterday month, or yesterday twelvemonth."

Ann. But I didn't like to speak.

Pie. Why didn't you say so, before? Bless you, I'm not cruel! had I known how anxious you were to be betrothed at the same time with Leila, I'd have made you the most disinterested offer myself; however, as it is, if this day month will suit you, as I think the sooner one meets an evil the better, why I'm your man.

Enter SERVANT, C. *arch.*

Servant. Pietro! haste—haste, the bride and bridegroom are coming—you'll have scarcely time to hang up the garlands.

Pie. Why, didn't you say so, before?

[PIETRO *places a table under the centre arch—as he jumps on it, it falls, and throws him down full length.*

Ann. There, Pietro, I knew it wouldn't bear you.

Pic. Why, the devil didn't you say so before? where's the good of telling me now? here, have I bruised my shins, 'till they look like——

Servant. [*Without.*] Way, for the bride, and bridegroom!

Pic. [*Rubbing his shins.*] The happiest couple in the world! [*Music.*

Enter LEILA, BARTOLO, NICOLO, RICARDO, *followed by numerous guests, male and female,* c.

Bar. (L. H.) My fair girl, they mother's second self, this day gives thee to another guardian; and though the choice hath taxed thy father's jealous care, 'tis hard to part with one without a tear, who's first remembered smile warms an old man's doting heart! Ricardo, take my daughter! [RIC. *crosses to* C.] And think that thou dost rule her, and her father's joys.

Ric. (R. C.) If by my love I can secure the maid a life unscathed by care, doubly I heap my own fair hopes of happiness.

Lei. [*Gazing intently round.*] Not here? Could he have mocked me?

Ric. Maiden, thy hand.

Lei. [*Drawing back.*] Comes he not?

Bar. Why pause you, daughter?

Ric. Maiden, I ask thy hand.

Lei. [*Aside.*] He hath deceived me.

Bar. What speak you!

Lei. Nought, father, nought.

Ric. Again, I ask thy hand, in proof that thou dost plight thy free and willing troth.

Lei. [*Aside.*] All hope is past! [*Goes slowly towards* RIC., *as she is about to give her hand, she suddenly returns, and throws herself into her father's arms overcome by her feelings.*] Father!

Nic. (R. H.) What means the maid!

Bar. 'Tis but her girlish fear; she is unused to meet with many, and doth but blush to own her young heart's love—but in her name I speak.

Nic. It may not be—the contract is not binding, unless by free consent, with her own lips certified.

Bar. I knew not that thou wa'st so strict a formalist.

Nic. 'Tis for my nephew's good.

Ric. He is right!

Bar. Then Leila, speak for thyself!

[LEILA *looks anxiously round—pauses—advances a few steps as if undetermined how to act.*

Nic [*Crosses to* C.] 'Tis but one word, come speak it maiden.

Bar. Aye, speak it maiden.

Fran. [*Without,* C.] Speak it not, dearest Leila.

Lei. [*With a faint scream.*] Hah! 'tis he! 'tis he!

Enter FRANCISCO, C. D., *catches her in his arms, the* GUESTS *all stand surprised.*

Fran. Leila, dearest Leila—calm thee, calm thee, how thy heart beats, did'st thou, would'st thou think if I had life, my plighted faith might be neglected.

Nic. [*To* BART.] Know you the youth?

Bar. Till now we never met.

Nic [*Sarcastically.*] Your daughter hath been well 'tended, sir.

Bar. Why do you cling around this stranger, girl? [*Takes* LEILA *from him and puts her* L. H.] Young man, what would you here, that thus despite of courtesy, you rudely rush midst sought and valued guests, making your boldness, not our loves, give welcome to you?

Fran. I had brief time to stand on form, good signor, and as 'twixt us few words will be most welcome, for that suspense has never yet been cherished, I humbly come to crave your daughter's hand.

Nic. [*and all the* GUESTS.] You!

Pic. [*Aside to* ANNETTE, L. H. 2 E.] Why didn't he say so before?

Fran. Aye, I! see ye aught strange in that, that thus ye start?

Bar. The maiden is betrothed.

Fran. She is to me.

Nic. To thee! no marvel that she faultered then, when asked to speak.

Bar. [*To* LEILA.] Know'st thou this youth?

Lei. [*Faltering.*] I do.

Ric. And would'st thou wed him?

Lei. I, with my father's——

Fran. She would.

Bar. Art mad? ·

Nic. [*Sarcastically to* BARTOLO.] Signor Bartolo thou art called an honest man, and our district chronicles do so report thy father's father I give thee joy.

Bar. What mean you?

Nic. I do congratulate you on your son Francisco, the Mineralo.

[*All the guests start, and exclaim* THE MINERALO!—LEILA *half draws from him.*

Ric [*Drawing his dagger.*] Crossed by a hound like this! Villain!

[RICARDO *springs towards* FRANCISCO, *who throws down his cloak and folds his arms—the* GUESTS *cry* "*Down with him.*" *As* RICARDO *is about to close,* LEILA *throws herself upon her knees between them*

Lei. Spare him—for my sake spare him.

Fran. [*To* LEILA.] Plead not for me, maiden. [*To* RICARDO.] Armed as thou art, could thy cold blood but make thee dare the mountain's steep, I'd hurl thee hissing to its base.

Ric. Threat'st thou! outcast!

Fran. Thy tongue doth well, to move beyond my reach.

Lei. Dearest Francisco, peace.

Bar. Speak not to him, girl—hear you not he is a Mineralo? Spurn him as you would the venomed adder.

Lei. Never! If there be blame, let it fall on me. Honor hath marked his every word and action, though love—yes, I own it—love did blind my eyes to aught that look'd like danger, and perhaps o'erswayed my duty; still I alone should meet your censure.

Bar. Leila, wilt thou break thy father's heart? [*Passes her to* L.

Fran. Old man, albeit I do love thy daughter more than life, I would

not have one tear herald the bitter mournings of thy throbbing heart, I could not lay my head upon the pillow that still has brought me placid sleep, bartered even for my soul's fond hopes. If I do wed thy daughter, thou shalt not curse her nor me.

Nic. [*To* FRANCISCO.] I am a man of peace, and like not brawls. In plain terms, my nephew comes not wooing with an empty hand. Three thousand ducats do I hold for him, on the wedding day to be paid down. How say'st thou—can'st thou follow me the sum? If so, thy right is equal, and the maid's voice shall name her husband.

Fran. Thou know'st the tithe of it would beggar me a hundred times.

Nic. I *knew* it not, but *guessed* as much; say the betrothal takes not place to-day—darest thou hope, in the succeeding year, to come prepared to pay the money down?

Fran Give me time, and let me try.

Nic. Signor Bartolo—I, for my nephew, do consent, and here give up all claim to thy fair daughter's hand, if the term expired, the Mineralo having the gold amassed, do hold his purpose—remembering ever, should he fail, I hold the maiden bound, and trust her sense will prompt her to comply with willingness.

Fran She will, I answer for her—old Signor, thy offer's fair and honest—I thank you for't, and here pledge I my word for the last time —upon her bridal day, we meet, or part for life.

Bar. Thou hast brought shame on me and mine, young man, by thy this day's proceeding—but as the fault, and its proud showing, have by the maid been nursed, I must e'en say content for her, if not myself.

Ric. [*Who has been talking apart with* NICOLO] I too must force my lips to say "content," but we shall meet again.

Fran. And if we do, let me advise (thy late rash taunts being now forgiven) thou'lt teach thy tongue some gentler phrase, that we may meet, if not as friends—at least with coolness.

Ric. Dost threaten!

Fran. No, but in kindness warn, for if we meet as foes——

Ric. What then!

Fran. My bridal day may come without a rival.

Lei. [*Reproachfully.*] Francisco!

Fran. Leila, I've done.

Ric. Look—should we meet——

Nic. Peace, nephew! We'll have no further brawling. Youth, go thy ways, and learn respect for years. [*Crosses to him.*] Signor Bartolo take thy daughter in. Maiden, reflect, and curb thy love with reason. Nephew, along with me—fear not, the bridal banquet will be spread for thee.

Bar I will not ask pardon for what I could not help. When next we meet, may it be happily. Farewell to all.

[RICARDO *offers* LEILA *his hand—she shrinks from him, and gives it to her Father—as they go out, she pauses at door, and looking at* FRANCISCO, *exclaims*——

Lei. Fortune speed thee.

Fran. Fear not, Leila—love hath nerved my frame, I'll dig the centre, but I'll buy thy hand—now to the mountains, to win the price of life.

[*Music—Exit*, C.

Pie. [*Peeping in over* ANNETTE'S *shoulder*] Is he gone?

Ann. Why didn't you say so before? St. Peter! here's a piece of work. Lord, lord, what a young firebrand it is, by the mass I wouldn't bathe with him for fifty ducats; how the water would boil and hiss! powder is an icicle to his hot blood—didst see him threaten Signor Ricardo?

Ann. I did, Pietro, but who are the Minerali?

Pie. Why, have you never heard before? Lord bless you, they're little better than robbers and stabbers.

Ann. I thought they lived by finding gold.

Pie. So they do, but there are strange ways of finding it. I should be sorry to meet one of 'em with bright ducats in my possession, for he might quite accidentally mistake my pocket for a gold mine, and imagine the shortest cut to it, would be by performing that ceremony on my throat. Certain it is that many a coined piece, has come from their grasping hands, that never met the eyes in its pristine shape; many a rascal is rich this moment, that was a beggar the one before.

Ann. Pshaw!

Pie. Pshaw if you please! but who would have thought that Leila didn't love her lover?

Ann. Why, I did

Pie. You did, why didn't you say so before! it's my belief you're a cruel unnatural couple.

Ann. For shame, Pietro, I tell you I don't blame her neither, I'm sure, though Signor Ricardo gave me a ring, not for this finger though —[*Points to the wedding finger.*] Yet I must say the Mineralo is——

Pie. A wild cat, all hair and claws.

Ann. A very fine young man.

Pie. You never heard any body say so before.

Ann. O yes, I have.

Pie. It's a li—bel upon fact—who have you heard?

Ann. Why a great many people you don't know.

Pie. No, nor you either.

Ann. Yes I do, though, only I've forgotten them. Besides, do you know their ballads?

Pie. No,—how should I? I never heard they had any before.

Ann. Yes, dozens, shall I sing you one?

Pie. I'd as lief you pinched a pig's tail at my ear in my first sleep.

Ann. But I *will* sing it.

Pie. You will, why didn't you say so before? then you needn't have asked; for if you will, the devil couldn't stop you.

Ann. Listen.

Pie. [*Putting his cap down over his eyes*] Yes.

SONG—ANNETTE. [*Introduced.*]

As the song concludes, MARTELLI *appears at the* C. D. ANNETTE *sees him, and screams.*

Pie [*Raising the cap.*] I never heard such a note as that before

Ann. [*Pointing to* MARTELLI.] Pietro, look there—there's the———

Pie. [*Seeing* MARTELLI.] The devil.

Ann. Or some other gentleman.

Pie. I never heard him called a gentleman before; but if he is one, we are not fit company for him.

Mar. (R.) Stay!

Pie. Hem! you're very good—but I've got some important affairs to attend to, that I didn't think of before, and [*Aside*] I say, Annette, are you quite sure he hasn't a tail?

Ann. Don't be so foolish—Can't you see he hasn't?

Pie. No, I can't, damme, he might have one in three volumes under his cloak—Look at his feet and legs, do you see 'em!

Ann. [*Pettishly.*] Yes, and I wish yours were half as good.

Pie. They have always been considered unrivalled before.

Mar. [*Aside.* R. H] No guests, no sounds of that same mirth. I dread to hear—the bride is betrothed.

Ann. What did he say?

Pie. Curse me if I know, I never heard any body mutter and grumble so before.

Mar. Maiden, is not this the house of Signor Bartolo?

Ann. Yes, so please you—[*To* PIETRO] He is one of the guests.

Pie. He has never shown his face here before.

Ann. Come you to the betrothal, sir?

Mar. No, that is—I wish to learn if it has taken place.

Ann. Oh, dear, no, sir—the strangest thing——

Pie. Such as was never heard of before.

Ann. Just as Signor Ricardo asked her hand, she drew back, and when her father insisted, she swore——

Pie. A thing she was never known to do before.

Ann. Silence, Pietro, or I'll hold my tongue.

Pie. A thing you were never known to do before.

Ann. So please you, Signor, she refused, and in the end persisted, so that, 'stead of her intended lover, if at the twelve months' end a Mineralo——

Mar. What?

Ann. Should come to claim her, having three thousand ducats, or the worth in gold, why, he should have her.

Mar. Heard you his name?

Ann. No, Signor, the maiden knew it not—but vowed she loved him.

[MARTELLI *searches eagerly in his bosom, and draws a letter from it, glances his eye hurriedly over it, and bursts into an hysterical laugh.*

Mar. 'Twas for a Mineralo she refused her lover?

Ann It was, Signor.

Pie. [*Crosses.*] More fool she to lose a prudent match for such an outcast wretch.

Mar. [*Passionately.*] Ha! I'll—no, no,—I am not so lost as to resent the insults of a fool—Maiden, should'st thou see Bartolo's daughter, say the Mineralo will lose his heart's blood ere he fail to meet her at the bridal—Away—[*Exeunt* ANNETTE *and* PIETRO—MARTELLI *reading let-*

ter.] "If you did ever love, come to Leila's bridal, whether thou art there or not, my deeds shall show my heart, I know not what thou art, but knowing how I love thee, again I say—come." [MARTELLI *takes several pieces of ore from his pouch, and looks at them, as if in thought, suddenly exclaims*] The half—more than the half! she's mine.

[*Rushes off*, c.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Part of the Mountain.*

Enter ANTONIO *and* MARCO, 1 E R. H.

Ant. [*Speaking angrily as he enters.*] A blight and a curse on thy ill-nature.

Marco. A blight on thine own folly; why did'st play so long, saw you not fortune set her face against you? I did, and therefore chose not to venture my last ducat on a desperate chance. And thus, forsooth, I've given license to thy tongue to tax me with ill-nature.

Ant. Why, had you let me try but one throw more, I might have won all back; so again I say, a blight upon your grasping hand.

Marco. Hark ye, Antonio! thou knowest the source from whence my pouch must win its weight, or tenant the poor air; thou art as free to seek for gold as I—why, therefore, must I bend with toil to gain the ore for thee! hast not hands, man? thou hast—then use them.

Ant. I have ne'er been called a sluggard.

Marco Thou wast well enough before the dice possessed thy mind, with hopes of winning the coined gold; but since the goodly effigies have met thy eyes, I have not seen thee tax thy eyes to look for unstamped metal.

Ant. What say ye? this has been rare weather to brave the steeps; the devil. I think, hath ta'en a holiday these two months past, and revelled in the storm; besides, I dug and looked in vain, till I was sick—ill luck marked my course—what others found, and found as gold, would have turned into dross for me. I have seen them watch their heaps, piled from the very spots I could not trace a grain in. I passed them *then*, but if we meet again——

Marco. Well?

Ant. I'll tell them of my evil chance, and claim a share—should they refuse to lend a part——

Marco. What then?

Ant. Why, then, perhaps, I may take all; but this be sure of, I will have gold!

Marco. But not unfairly.

Ant. No, no—not unfairly, no; we'll play fairly for the good stake, life for life, and the treasure for the winner. [*Crosses* R. H.] But it may not come to this—thou know'st Martelli? he hath found some fairy wand, and smiles on heaps of what I want; 'tis said he hath a giving mind—I'll seek him out, and if he keep it now, I will not baulk his

humor, so he'll but let me owe him gold. I care not though I pay the sum ten thousand times in thanks.

Marco. I will with thee.

Ant. Good—thy hand! [*Enter* PIETRO, 2 E. L. H.] Suppose he says, he wants it—so do we—he's one—we two! therefore, by right, 'tis ours, for we've a double claim.

Marco. By the martyrs! thou art right.

Pie. I never heard such logic as that before.

Ant. What the devil do you want here?

Pie. I never heard such a remarkably unpleasant voice.

Ant. Marco, this fool has overheard us.

Pie. Overheard! no, but I rather overlooked you.

Marco. Do you know us?

Pie. No, upon my life; I never saw you before.

Ant. What in the fiend's name, do you want here?

Pie. My young lady sent me.

Marco. Your young lady sent you?

Pie. I beg pardon. I said that before.

Ant. And what were you sent for?

Pie. I'll tell you in confidence. [*Crosses to* C.] I often come, but I never mentioned it before.

Ant. [*Harshly.*] Go on!

Pie. [*Going.*] I'm going. [*Crosses to* R. H.] Good bye!

Ant. [*Stops him.*] Whither now?

Pie. I thought you told me to go on.

Ant. [*Sarcastically*] Aye, with your confidence.

Pie. [*Aside*] It was never so misplaced before. [*Aloud.*] Well, I often come here to seek for one of those wild, unchristian-like, cut-throats of gold seekers.

Ant. (R. H.) Then you're in luck.

Pie. (C.) I'm glad you mention it, for I didn't think so before.

Marco. Yes, you are in rare luck—you came to seek one, did you?

Pie. Yes, I told you so before.

Ant. I remember it—your compliments, too; now my good fellow, here are two of the cut-throats at your service.

Marco. [*Bowing.*] At your service!

Pie. Why the devil didn't you say so before, I wouldn't have abused you (to your faces) for the world.

Marco. [*Snatches letter from* PIETRO] To Martelli! [*Reads.*] Let's see, a prayer for some of the proceeds of his good fortune, for instant want, signed by the young Francisco.

Ant. [*To* PIETRO.] Good!—doubtless you can find Martelli?

Pie. Oh! yes; I've often seen him before.

Ant. [*Signing to* MARCO.] The ways are dangerous here; we'll guide you safe. Come, friend! on to Martelli!

[MARCO *and* ANTONIO *seize* PIETRO, *and push him forward.*

Pie. Wouldn't you like to go before?

[PIETRO *endeavors to turn back, they draw their daggers—he retreats from them.*

Pie. I never saw such guiding as this before.

Marco. On—on!

[*Exit* PIETRO, *followed by* ANTONIO *and* MARCO, R. H. *Hurried Music.*

SCENE II.—*Same as Act I, Scene I. Plaintive Music.*

Enter FRANCISCO, *down platform*, 2 E. L. H.—*Appears dejected.*

Fran. So all hope is past! To-morrow the bridal day, and I have scarce a tithe of the sum promised. I have learnt in the last year, Martelli spoke the truth of our branded race. Still I have toiled, and toiled, but here ends all. There must I meet Leila, and I fear for ever—bid her farewell for ever! She comes—now for calmness!

Enter LEILA *from cottage*, R. H. *She rushes eagerly down to* FRANCISCO *—fixes her eyes upon his face—he takes her hand, and is about to speak —she motions him to be silent.*

Lei. No, no, Francisco. I would not, could not, hear thee now! I can read all—one word will do; its characters are on thy face, "despair." [FRANCISCO *clasps her in his arms. and, after a struggle, speaks.*

Fran. Yes, Leila, yes, you are right; there's nothing left but that.

Lei. [*Endeavoring to cheer him.*] Come, come, Francisco! Courage, courage!

Fran. Courage, Leila, courage! Ha, ha, ha! I have toiled early and late—risen with the sun—watched the dimming stars—strained heart and soul—ventured limb and life—and all for this—for this!

Lei. Nay, nay, Francisco; bear up for Leila's sake. Is there no hope?

Fran. None, none—with gold alone dare I claim thee, Leila. I have not yet one fourth the sum—the stipulation named. I pledged my word—ay, my word, to see thee not, unless with right to wed thee; outcast as I am, I am bound by that. [*Crosses to* R. H

Lei. Nor could I love thee, did thou forfeit honor. [*Aside.*] 'Tis a desperate chance, but must be tried. Francisco, fearing thy wild daring, I wrung from thee a pledge ne'er to venture to the summit of yonder dizzy steep.

Fran. [*Eagerly.*] I had forgot.

Lei. Thou hast broke thy vow.

Fran. [*Reproachfully.*] Leila!

Lei. Pardon, pardon me. Francisco! I know thou hast not: *fear* not doubt of thy honor did prompt me to inquire. *Is* the path guarded with all the dangers men report, or have they but their hideous forms in the fear-stricken eyes of those whose timid hearts do seek excuses for their want of the bold daring that doth court such trials?

Fran. Leila, say I may venture, and I'll twine my arms about the steep, and seek its summit with the desperate zeal that prompts the bounding stag, to dare the space yawning in frightful extent, 'twixt the threatning rock.

Lei. Thou hast not answered what I wished to learn; is the danger great, as it is said to be?

Fran. I'll not deceive thee; those who from their childhood have been trained to court such scenes, have never ventured to essay the task.

Lei. Love ne'er hath prompted them.

Fran. This were reproach, but that tnou knowest my neart; again I ask to move all doubts of thy true love, am I to venture?

Lei. On one condition. Yes.

Fran. [*Joyously.*] Thanks, Leila! [*Kissing her, crosses to* L. H.] Now, farewell—farewell!

Lei. Tarry; thou hast not heard me out.

Fran. I'll swear to aught you wish.

Lei. It is a simple thing I have to ask.

Fran. Would it were fraught with danger, that I might further prove my love.

Lei. Forward! Be thou my guide—we go together.

Fran. Leila, thou dost jest.

Lei. [*Pointing to the steep.*] Time presses—waste it not idly. Forward to the task. [*Crosses to* L. H.

Fran. Thou art mad! I cannot—dare not—let thee go! I should be cool myself, not torn with fears for thee; each eye should seek the earth, to trace even the blighted grass on the thin ledge, where only one can pass, at peril even then of his dear life; how can I guard with caution such as this my steps, and know that thy unpractised feet are following in their course.

Lei. Thy vow, Francisco!

Fran. Thy presence will unnerve my heart. I cannot go.

Lei. I am resolved! Despair is now my prompter, and I will listen to its dictates. I have pondered well upon this scheme—anticipated all thy arguments against my going, and—I am resolved.

Fran. Leila!

Lei. Hear me out; did to-morrow leave me unclaimed by thee to pine alone in sorrow for thy loss, the hope of the bare chance of breathing the same air would give a taste of sweetness even to the life of one bereaved like me. But 'tis not so: the suitor by my father chosen holds his claim—he has a right to do so, nor will I e'er deceive him; therefore *thy* bride, or *his*, to-morrow night will see me. It will be heaven to share thy path if thou dost ne'er return, to lose in death the terrors of thy absence—if we fall or fail, 'twill be together. Was thou to go alone, suspense would drive me mad.

Fran. I will not baulk thee, love, but could'st thou read my heart——

Lei. It would not alter mine! Come—for love, for life! Come—come! [*Exeunt,* L. H.

SCENE III.—*Part of the Mountain with raised Rock,* C

MARTELLI *discovered exulting over a heap of ore.*

Mar. She's won! she's won! Ha, ha, ha! this is worth the working for—my toils o'erpaid a thousand—ay, a million times. Let me glut my eyes by gazing on thee, thou purchaser of all the heart can yearn for; here have I the source of fame, wealth, honor! three thousand ducats! had the sum been named for double the amount, I could have paid it now for my bridal. How will the gold seeker laugh to claim the wealthy and beloved. Francisco shall be my bridesman, 'twill

g'ad his heart to see me blest; well thought, I'll seek him out. I have not seen the daring boy of late—Heaven speed his love, as it hath smiled on mine.

Enter PIETRO, U. E. R. H., *running*.

Pie. Run, Signor Martelli, if you be a man, to thy legs and away; do as I have done, I never jolted my bones at such a break-neck pace before.

Mar. Comest thou from Francisco?

Pie. No; from the devil.

Mar. Are you mad?

Pie. Not that I know of—but if I am, I ought to be excused; I never had so good an opportunity to run mad before.

Mar. Peace, peace! I am in no mood for jesting.

Pie. Nor I, Signor Martelli, as I'm a christian! I have run like a pig from wind to do thee service. Coming down to seek thee with a letter from the young Francisco, I met two damned scoundrels plotting no good to thee [*Looks off.*] Here they are; run, signor, run, if you never ran before—I'm off. [*Exit,* L. H.

Mar. What does the fool mean? no matter; I must to the valley.

[MARTELLI *lifts up his pouch—begins to fix the belt and buckle it round his waist; as he does so he retires up the platform,* C. ANTONIO *and* MARCO *enter as he reaches it*—ANTONIO *beckons to* MARCO *to retire; he does so at* 3 E. R. H.

Ant. A fair day to you, Martelli.

Mar. Thanks, and farewell! [*Crosses to* R. H.

Ant. Why haste you?

Mar. Business of urgent moment will not let me longer tarry. What would you?

Ant. Briefly, then, Martelli, thus it is: I have lost the power I think of winning from my toil the means whereby to live; thou hast fared better, well nigh drained the richest cradles of the mountain side; report hath reached me of thy goodly heaps; had fortune in her fickleness forgotten thee, and smiled upon my search, I would have freely shared with thee; knowing this, without reluctance do I come to ask thy aid.

Mar. You are right, in your account of my good chance; which ne'er had I pursued as I have done, had my own wants been prompters of the search; the crust I crave is cheaply won; for a cause more dear than life I've labored to amass the gold thou speak'st of. Balanced against thy wants, (were it my own) 'twould be but dross in my esteem—it's only value coming from the aid 'twould give to thee; as 'tis, sincerely I regret that I cannot now assist thee

Ant. 'Tis ever thus, when men are borrowers; 'tis easier far to answer fair, than do substantial good.

Mar. Thou dost not know the stake that this must win.

Ant. Nor do I care to know it.

Mar. Softly! Fair words are best.

Ant. Fair words will neither feed nor clothe. Hark ye, Martelli, my wants are ripe.

Mar I grieve they are, but cannot serve thee.

Ant. 'Tis easier far to lie, than do good deeds.

Mar. Lie! We met as friends—be wise, let us part so.

Ant. I scorn thy friendship, and thyself.

Mar. I cannot guide thy tongue, but thou hadst better not provoke my wrath.

Ant. What care I for thy wrath, or thee? Thou art an arrant cheat, wanting plain honesty to speak the truth—thou hast the wish to serve, forsooth, but not the power, else it would pleasure thee! I'll do thy wish for thee—I'll ease thy mind of its regrets, and find the gold. So thou still keep the will?

Mar. Find it in Heaven's name, if you know where to seek it.

Ant. Say'st thou so? The search will be a short one, for in thy belt it rests.

Mar. What! No, no—you jest—you would not seek to rob?

Ant. No; I only wish to share.

Mar. I've told thee once, thou canst not share.

Ant. [*Beckons* Marco *down*, R. H.] I tell thee, here are two, and we will share.

Mar. [*To* Marco.] Wilt thou stand by him in this deed?

Marco. I will.

Mar. Be warned—stand off—come not within my reach! Ask for my heart, as soon I'd part with it, as with one grain of what my toil has earned. Stand off, again! I've braved the blast—courted the storm, to find this treasure; take the limbs I've perilled—the heart I've strained—the blood that nurtures it—but touch not that. Stand off, again I say! Or, if ye come—come, as ye would seek to wrest the sucking panther from the source from whence it draws the parent flood, that matures its young growth. Off, off!

Ant. Now! Marco, now!

[Martelli *is attacked by* Marco *and* Antonio—*after a struggle,* Martelli *throws* Antonio *down, and places his foot upon his chest—seizes* Marco, *and throws him across his knee—raises his hand, about to strike—pauses, and releasing them, exclaims—*

Mar. Away! and never cross me more; but while you live still thank your fate—a brave man will not murder!

[*They rise*—Marco *seems about to go*—Antonio *calls him back.*

Ant. Fool! we have gone too far! Come, once more.

[*They again close with* Martelli—Martelli *throws* Marco, *who escapes after a struggle*—Antonio *wounds* Martelli, *who secures* Antonio *by the throat, and holds him.*

Mar. Coward! miscreant! whom neither good nor ill can alter—whom but now I spared, and spared but to provoke—see'st thou yon cliff? Brooding on murder, did thy vile feet pass it; for after ages it shall stand the monument of my revenge—and shuddering peasants shall, with averted eyes, pass the tainted spot, where thy crushed carcase festers in the wind. Come to thy fate!—Come! [*Drags* Antonio *up the precipice; after a struggle, dashes him down, and laughs exulting over him.—Descending.*] So this is safe—all safe! here! here!

ha, ha, ha! Won by this scratch, too; let me bear up, the hurt is slight—time presses; I can still reach the bridal. Now, for Leila!

[LEILA *and* FRANCISCO *ascend from* 2 E. L. H., *and gradually approach the top of the mountain*—FRANCISCO *anxiously watching and assisting her.*

Lei. Bravely done! one step, and then the summit will be reached; may fortune still smile on, and all will yet be well.

Fran. My blood chills to see thee stand on such a height, and think upon the peril thou hast past. I scarce can trace the village church.

Lei. Look not back, Francisco, but to work; the clouds are lowering, and the time draws nigh. [*Thunder.*

Fran. The storm is ripening! Leila, 'tis vain! I must see thee safely down, for work I cannot, with thy life at stake.

Lei. [*Taking the pickaxe*] Must I try my woman's strength?

Fran. Well reproved! I blush to see thee calm—and firm—and rushing pulse that traverses my aching breast. To work, to work! [*Music. Strikes the pickaxe into the earth.*] Ha! what's this? gold, gold! I feel new hope—new life! look, Leila, look! can'st thou not trace the precious vein? see, here it winds! Now, now, it deepens, and the earth hangs in firmer masses to its sides! Ha! again it yields, and yielding strengthens my firm hopes.

Lei. Thank heaven! Francisco, thou may'st yet keep thy word yet claim me at the bridal; let that thought nerve thy arm.

Fran. It does, Leila, it does. How the day shortens; see, night comes, as doth the lightning's flash, unlooked for and in suddenness.

Lei. Nay, the day will last in its full light some hours yet.

Fran. Hours! art sure the're hours? No, no, it cannot be, see the black clouds, how rapidly they grow, and borrow speed from the quick wind, to pall the dying sun.

Lei. How's this? thy hot impatience clothes them with this haste; thou hast full time: with calmness search, nor longer strain thy starting eyes: day hath yet some hours to live. [*Apart looking down*] Could I but gain that pass alone, in safety might I descend. Now, to fix him to the spot. [*Goes up to* FRANCISCO *and directs him to look so that his back is to her.*] There, there, see the vein widens, keep thine eye there. [*She begins to descend as he works.*] Continues it!

Fran. It doth, it doth; but where art thou, thy voice grows faint.

Lei. [*Louder—still descending.*] Thy fancy—but thy fancy; or perhaps the hasty gusts of the increasing wind do drown its tones.

Fran. Keep near me, let me know that thou art safe.

Lei. To work, to work, if thou wouldst have me by thy side for life; to-morrow must thy happiness begin. On, on, nor turn thine eye from that, my promised ransom. [*She descends carefully.*

Fran. Never did the earth cling as it does in opposition now.

Lei. Thy toil is hard—promise thou wilt not leave it.

Fran. Not while I've life.

Lei. [*Still descending*] Thanks! dearest Francisco, thanks. [*Apart.*] Can I leave him. E'en my unpractised eye can see the tempest gathering How shall I act? My father, should he miss my presence, will be well nigh distraught. I must venture.

[*Music.* LEILA *descends, and as she does so gets behind a crag that hides her from* FRANCISCO—*he turns suddenly and exclaims.*

Fran. Oh, God! she's lost! [*Rushes to the edge and leans over.*

Lei. [*Appearing from behind rock.*] No, Francisco. I'm safe! nay, move not a foot to follow me. Listen, I have passed the worst part of the way, and as thou see'st in safety; the path beneath is such a one as an unguarded child might track unscathed; the only fear I have is thus to leave thee where the tempest will its wildest fury vent, and if my woman's heart can venture thus, thine needs must be at rest to know the mountain passed. I'm sheltered in the valley, whither unless to-morrow thou would'st claim a bride that scandal's ready tongue would taint with shame, thy anxious voice would urge my steps; back to thy task, thou shalt not stir one step to guard my way: let thy prayers with thy Leila go, as hers will rise for thee—if thou dost love me, prove it now—stir not, farewell! [*Exit* LEILA, *down rock.*

Fran. [*Watching her, and getting lower down.*] Light as the air-born foam upon the torrent's tide, she winds her way along the narrow path; her fragile fingers seem endowed with superhuman strength. Ha! that shelving rock taxed all my care—do not trust that sapling, it will not bear the half thy weight—she hears me not. Eternity is yawning at thy feet—it bends! heavenly powers! she's safe! she's safe!

[*As he rushes up to work the scene changes.*

SCENE IV.—*A Chamber in* BARTOLO'S *House.*

Enter ANNETTE, 1 E. L. H.

Ann. Dear me! how I wish the day was past! I'm in such a fever to know if Leila's young lover will come and claim her! I do hope he will, for Ricardo has grown quite morose and disagreeable. He's always scowling at her and myself, and sneering about the poor Gold Seeker, who, if report speaks true, has the courage of the lion with the gentle heart of a woman. I almost fear I'm half in love with him myself. Pietro is so dull and matter of fact! I do hate a man that stops to apologize for ruffling a frill in the midst of a struggle for a kiss. I've been talking to the maidens in the valley, and they've all a sneaking kindness for these children of chance—their wild legends tell many a tale of love and daring. It must be charming to be wooed by one of them: smiling in his stolen interviews with delicious uncertainty as to whether he has broken his dear neck or not. How I wish I could hear one of them at my window, singing as he did who won the heiress of the valley.

SONG—ANNETTE. (*Introduced.*)

Enter PIETRO, *running.*

Pie. Oh, Annette! I never was so delighted to hear your singing before. [*Fanning himself with the tail of his coat.*

Ann. Why, what's the matter with you? Have you delivered the letter to Martelli?

Pie. Don't talk to me about letters. I've delivered myself—that's a deliverance you ought to be grateful for.

Ann. What are you talking about?

Pie. Oh! such an adventure, Annette—I never was so nearly annihilated before.

Ann. Annihilated? nonsense!

Pie. Annihilated nonsense! there's a speech for a sweetheart. calls the annihilation of her twin turtle nonsense! For shame! blush—whether it becomes you or not—blush, if you never blushed before.

Ann. So I do blush.

Pie. You ought.

Ann. For you, you booby!

Pie. You shameless decrier of intellect! But I'll be revenged! I won't tell you a word.

Ann. La! I must coax him a little, or I shall die with curiosity. Dear Pietro, what has happened?

Pie. Do you retract what you said before?

Ann. I do.

Pie. Come to my arms.

[*He goes to embrace her—as he touches her she screams.*

Ann. Oh, my frill!

Pie. [*Desisting.*] I didn't think of that before.

Ann. [*Pettishly, apart.*] What a fool he is!—and what a fool I was! I might as well have held my tongue. [*To* PIETRO.] Well, go on, will you?

Pie. Well then, as I was going along, thinking of——

Ann. I know—nothing, of course—go on.

Pie. Frisking, like a fawn.

Ann. A fat one—go on.

Pie. And singing like—like——

Ann. An owl—go on.

Pie. So I did go on. [*Sings.*] Fal de ral de ra, &c.

Ann. Never mind your fal de ral de ra.

Pie. You had better tell it yourself, hadn't you?

Ann. So I shall, all over the village, the moment I know it

Pie. Then I'll repeat it—you'll want to learn the air. [*He sings.*] There—that's it, to a semibreve. What a thing it is to have an ear.

Ann. [*Aside.*] Not when one has a fool buzzing in it. [*To him.*] Go on.

Pie. What with singing and skipping, I came to the place directed, and there I saw and heard two of the devil's children plotting mischief against Martelli. I listened till my blood began to boil, and then I up and told 'em a bit of my mind. To make a short story—from hard words we came to hard blows—that is, we might have done so, but they took me prisoner—but as a proof of their admiration of my symmetry and valor, they insisted on my going first, and as soon as I got an opportunity of showing my courage——

Ann. You ran——

Pie. Like the very devil!

Ann. Did he follow?

Pie. I'm not clear upon that point, as I couldn't afford the time to look behind me.

Ann. Poor fellow! perhaps he has fallen!

Pie. What o'that! he can soon get up again. But look, Annette, yonder comes Ricardo. 'Twas a sad day for Leila when she saw the Mineralo.

Ann. Why so? May he not yet come?

Pie. Yes, *he* may come, but not with gold to the amount named. None of 'em ever found such a sum before.

Ann. I must away to seek Leila. Heaven send her lover and the dower, say I.

Pie. Annette, to-day you'll become——

Ann. What?

Pie. What you've often prayed to be before—my wife!

Ann. Indeed! then be thankful you've no rival.

Pie. One kiss!

[*Approaches* ANNETTE—*as he is about to take a kiss, she laughs.*

Ann. My frill! my frill! [*Exit*, L. H.

Pie. Farewell—farewell! Curse the frill! I'll annihilate clear starch the moment the ceremony's over! There's something very awful in the word "Wife!" How nervous I feel! I never ventured to speak it before. [*Exit*, L. H.

SCENE V.—*Bartolo's House, laid out for the Bridal.*

Enter BALTOLO, NICOLO, RICARDO, *and numerous* GUESTS.

Nic. As I told thee, report says the Mineralo holds his purpose, but with little chance of gaining the full sum I named, so do we come to claim thy daughter's hand, as promised when we parted last.

Bar. Thou art ever welcome—'twill glad me much to bid thee so, and call thee son.

Ric. I have dealt fairly with the maid. The stipulated time, except an hour, hath passed; nor have I in it once wearied her with such reproach as her own act had warranted.

Bar. I thank thee for thy calm endurance, and trust her duties as a loving wife fulfilled will well repay thee.

Enter ANNETTE, *hastily*, L. H.

Ann. Heavens! Signor Bartolo, have you seen your daughter?

Bar. I go to seek her now.

Ann. You'll find her not.

Bar. How say'st thou?

Ann. But now I left Pietro to seek her out, and help to clothe her in her bridal dress. Unanswered at the door for some few minutes did I summon her. At length weary of waiting thus, I entered, and 'stead of Leila found the chamber as if the whole night through it had not known a tenant. The flowers that should have formed the bridal wreath were sorted, and, as left in haste, were on the table withering. I've searched each room since then, and found no trace of her.

Bar. Gone, say you? No, 'tis impossible. I know her heart. However love might plead, she would not break her plighted word for worlds.

Nic. I would not willingly believe an act that would forever slur thy daughter's fame, but this looks so like the truth——

Bar. Hold! dare not to breathe one breath against her honor. If she is gone, my soul upon't 'tis not her fault—some most foul means have been resorted to.

Ric. I think with you. I know full well the lawless mind of the insidious wretch that charmed her love would scarcely shrink from any means, however base. Fool that I am, not to have taken care to guard against this evil!

Omnes. Francisco!

Enter Francisco, *melancholy and dejected,* c.

Ric. Ha! what would'st thou here? thy bride is lost!

Fran. To me she is for ever! Signor, the time is come, and here I stand, spite of my toil, scarce richer than when with mounting hope I left you. I have come to keep my faith, to quit all claim your promise gave, and, as the last prayer of a wretched man, entreat your leave to say farewell to her.

Ric. [*To* Nicolo.] This is some vile dissembling to cover his base deeds. [*To* Francisco.] How darest thou blight these walls with thy foul presence?

Fran. Taunt on, an' if you will—you may do so in safety—I am sunk beneath resentment.

Ric. Nevertheless, that feeling may be nursed by me.

Fran. What would you have? Cans't wish for blessing greater than to call thine own the purest being sun e'er shone upon? Though thy reproaches now are scarcely generous, I do forgive thee. Thy heart beats high with triumph—mine is crushed with hopeless misery. [*To* Bartolo.] Old man, if the remembrance of thy spring time, when with fervor thou didst bend to the fond idol of thy love with earnest willing faith—if this sunny hour have held its sway amid the changing scenes of thy past life—I do entreat, although thou art not bound, even for the sake of that remembrance—let me for the last time see thy daughter.

Nic. Pray'st thou in earnestness?

Fran. Prays the wretch blackening on the barren desert under the scorching sun—as the thick thirst clogs his failing breath and fierce convulsions rack his frame—prays he for that cool draught whose influence alone could soothe his agony—prays he, I ask, in earnestness?

Ric. Thy deeds are known—restore thy stolen bride, or take the vengeance thou hast earned!

Fran. Restore! what mean you?

Ric. Name the place where thou hast left her, and, being found, thou shalt be free.

Fran. Free! you speak as if I'd done some deed which cried for expiation.

Bar. Thou hast robbed me of my child, who by thy pledge was else absolved from thee, and would have done her father's wish.

Fran. If she refuses the husband thou hast chosen for her, I swear she acts by her own will, unguided by my voice. Bring forth thy daughter—she will vouch my truth.

Nic. Juggling still! I tell thee she has left her father's roof.

Fran. Left! When?

Bar. Since yesternight.

Fran. And has she not returned?

Ric. Thou know'st she has not.

Fran. Great Heaven! She's lost—she's lost! I—I have murdered her! [*Crosses to* R. H.] Oh! I remember now how the storm raged, and she was then unaided. It would have torn the pine from its firm hold, how could she grapple with——Ha! Perhaps even now, upon some crag she lies! It may not be too late! If ye be men, follow me!

[*Going to* C., FRANCISCO *rushes towards the door*—RICARDO *draws his dagger, and places himself between him and it.*

Ric. You go not thus!

Fran. You will not stop my way. If you're not stone, you'll let me pass. Kneeling I implore you, as you prize your—yes, *your* Leila's life, on to the mountain with me. Why stand you thus, old man? If you did ever love your child, follow to the cliff!

[BARTOLO *rushes out, followed by* GUESTS, C D., *with* NICOLO.

Ric. Thou canst not further impose. The only vengeance I can take is this—thy wretched life! [*Rushes on* FRANCISCO.

Fran. This blow from any other hand would be a welcome one. Will you brave me? Come, then, blow for blow! [*They struggle*—FRANCISCO *gets the dagger, and forces* RICARDO *down.*] Down!—do——

[*As he raises his hand to strike,* NICOLO *enters.*

Nic. Hold! hold!

Fran. Plead to the wind!

[*Raises his hand—a murmur heard without.* BARTOLO *enters, with* LEILA *in his arms—followed by* GUESTS.

Mar. [*Without.*] Back! back! I will follow!

Fran. She's safe! Thank Heaven, she's safe! Look to her! See, she faints! How's this, Martelli? You look ashy pale, and thy closed lips seem as they were drowning sounds of pain.

Ric. [*To* MAR.] Thou art not well—let me take the maid.

Mar. Thee!—Never! *Thee!*—Never! She's mine!—My own! Bought with my blood! I'll never leave her more! Maiden, a seat. So!—She revives! [ANNETTE *brings a seat forward*—MARTELLI *puts* LEILA *gently in it*—ANNETTE *chafes her temple on one side.*] Thou art her father? [BARTOLO *assents.*] Good—read that.

Gives letter to BARTOLO, *who opens it.*

Fran. [*Apart.*] What do I see?—The letter Leila lost! Can it be?

Mar. Know'st thou the hand?

Bar I do—my daughter's!

Mar. I knew it! All is confirmed! Thy hand—it is thy son that asks it!

Bar. Son!

Mar. Av, if there's truth in words—if the whole valley teem not with one lie—thy son!

Ric. I thank thee for thy care, which hath been shown to my affianced bride.

Mar. Thine!

Ric. Even so.

Mar. She hath sought another mate—one who for years and years, in feverish doubt, hath loved her! There—see there— to me those lines were written.

Fran. [*Apart.*] I could have borne aught but this!

Nic. [*Looking at letter.*] To thee! Thou errest.

Mar. I do not err. Years have passed since we have met before, old man. But once before, as now, with ebbing life, whose tide was nurtured by my arm, I gave to thee thy child.

Bar. You?

Mar. Ay. Dost thou not remember when the swelling stream in triumph bore her in its ruffled breast, a youth, noting your agony and vain regrets, risked his own life to save all that did make thine worth the keeping?

Bar. I do; he would not stay for thanks. If thou art he——

Mar. I am—and now, as then, do not wish to hear acknowledgments for such a deed. Then—then it was I first began to love. I loved in secret. In silence would my passion have expired, but for that precious note. Too late I came to see her e'er she was betrothed, yet heard with rapture that I was her choice—her father stipulating only one condition. It was—myself, the Mineralo, should pay down three thousand ducats, as her portion. I have them—I've bled to bring it safe—'tis here—and now I claim my bride.

Ric. It was not you Bartolo meant.

Mar. Not me! fiend! But see! She—she shall speak, and give the lie to thee, thou wretched cheat! Leila!

Lei. [*Rising.*] Has the storm ceased howling? How it chilled my heart! Ha! who's there? My father! [*Sees* RICARDO.] He, too? Alas! who hath waked me from a dream of quiet for a change like this?

Fran. Leila!

Lei. That voice! Francisco! Safe—safe!

Fran. My own—my constant—my beloved! [*Embrace*

Mar. Francisco here and known! Speak! my blood is gushing to my heart, and clogging the close veins—speak! The Mineralo was—

Bar. Francisco!

Mar. [*Faintly.*] Help—help! [*The Guests, and among them,* FRANCISCO, *come forward to support him—he motions* FRANCISCO *away.*] No, no—it may be wrong—I feel it is. But thy hand—touch that—never while I live—blighted by thee—by one I've nurtured——

Fran. Martelli, hear me——

Mar. That voice! Francisco's voice! I never wished its tones were hushed till now.

Fran. What have I done, Martelli?

Mar. What done! what done? waked me from the dream that tied my wounded heart to earth. Midst scorn I hoped and smiled, and now, when all seemed happiness, thy tongue alone has come to blight me.

Fran. Thou art wrong, Martelli—I am, like thee, rejected.

Mar. How! rejected, say'st thou?

Bar. Upon most strong compulsion, and on condition, did I give my pledge—that unfulfilled, the maiden ne'er shall wed one of his race.

Mar. Ha, ha, ha! he cannot be my rival, then. Come, Francisco—come to my heart.

[*Endeavors to move towards* FRANCISCO, *but falls from weakness.*

Fran. Martelli, rouse thee!

Mar. Boy, 'tis vain—I had forgotten life is ebbing fast.

Lei. Thou hast lost it in preserving mine!

Mar. No, maiden, no——

Lei. Alas, thou hast! I can but offer thee my poor but earnest thanks, and add my deep and fervent prayers for thy good.

Mar. Thy hand—there's bliss in seeing thee—in knowing I have saved and served thee. Signor, thou wilt not wed thy daughter where her heart can never give its love.

Bar. Unless he have the right to claim her, never shall he call her bride.

Mar. [*To* FRAN.] Why didst thou hide thy state from me, it was not well.

Fran. Alas! I own 'twas not.

Mar. I had, thou knowest, grown rich with search—had you but begged a loan, I should have guessed——

Fran. I sent, and thought thou hadst refused me

Mar. Refused thee! No, boy, no—thou should'st have had it all, had I but known—but now 'tis worse than vain to speak of that. Thy message never reached me. Hold—support me—there—there—the belt—'tis there—'twill yield the sum, even were it doubled.—Leila, thine hand—Francisco, thine—old man—quick, quick—a word—a look—let me but hear that she is his.

Bar. She is.

Mar. Ha, ha, ha! I did not toil—I do not lie in vain. Forgive my wrath. Francisco.

Fran. All—all. Thy kindness rushes to my heart, and chokes my utterance.

Mar. Think of it when I am gone. The steep—thou knowest it—where first I met thee, Leila—let me rest there. Heaven bless ye both! Francisco! I have given thee thy bride—my life!—— [*Dies.*

Disposition of the Characters at the Fall of the Curtain:

Guests.			*Guests*	
	NICOLO.		BARTOLO.	
RICARDO.	LEILA.	MARTELLI.	FRANCISCO.	PIETRO.

THE END.

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